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LACONIA, N. H.

s laughed, but the people tried it all
and manifested their approval
in a national endorsement. Now
allopaths and homeopaths are laugh-
ing the other way. This world is full of
foes.

ged a total of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Three bottles and careful diet have brought me excellent health and spirits, and I hope my experience may benefit similar sufferers.—Clackson lady. See her column.

Opposite Town Hall, MEREDITH, N. H.
June 27

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A Treatise on their
speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J.C.

In Plymouth, April 29, Greenleaf R. Cummings, aged 47 years.

on many times the worth of the small subscription price. The publishers have concluded to offer for a short time only, to every reader of this paper the above Dictionary and The Young Folks' Guest One Year, on receipt of only One Dollar. Agents wanted everywhere, to whom a liberal commission will be paid. Name this paper and address all orders to YOUNG PEOPLE'S GUEST, NEW YORK.

health and strength seem now to be better
 established than ever before, and I cheerfully
 recommend it to the weak and debilitated.

Yours truly HENRY I. FROCTOR

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

John J. Mesinger, of Eleventh avenue, New York, who was convicted of arson in setting fire to his liquor store on the 7th of March last, was sentenced to State prison for five and a half years.

Felix Rook killed Nanthaniel Johnson at Yanceyville, Caswell county, N. C., with a double-barreled shotgun, and wounded George Williams. The cause of the affray is unknown.

Warrants were applied for at Bolton for the arrest of Messrs. Goff, Halde, man, Henry and Hastings, in connection with the alleged mismanagement of the affairs of the American Electric Light Company.

John Dean Young, a boy in charge of the Chicago and Alton telegraph office at Centralia, Mo., was chloroformed and tied by two unknown men. They put out the lights, but were obliged to leave without any booty.

A conference of New York Anti-Monopolists, embracing about 800 delegates, assembled at Albany. Letters were read from Peter Cooper and John Kelly, the latter being received with mingled cheers and jeers.

Nathaniel Waterson, who mysteriously disappeared from Newport, R. I., a few weeks ago, and was thought to have met with foul play or to have been drowned, arrived at his home from Belfast, Ireland, and rejoined his family.

Alexander Swift, of Cincinnati, Ohio, caused the arrest at New York of a woman named Sadie West, whom he accused of robbing him on the street of a pocketbook containing \$800 in checks and money. She was committed without bail for trial.

A fire at Norway, Me., involved a loss of \$30,000. The principal losses were on Messrs. block, valued at \$3000, and C. L. Hathaway's block, valued at \$5000. The loss of any other party will not exceed \$500.

The match game between the Massachusetts Rifle Association, of the Walnut Hill Range, and the Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, was shot at Worcester, Mass., and resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 1217 to 1130.

Hutchins C. Bishop, the colored man who was recently rejected by the standing committee of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland on account of his "high church" views, was ordained by Bishop Doane at Albany, N. Y.

William Hawlett, Marshal of Nortonville, Ky., recently arrested one Messer on a charge of gambling. Messer and his son met Hawlett at Trade Water and attacked him, when Hawlett, in self-defense, fired at them, fatally wounding Messer and killing the son.

The dispirited wife of Charles Nettie, a brakeman on the Michigan Central Railroad, was found in her bed at Detroit, Mich., dying with a bullet in her brain.

The tow steamer Little Eagle, while attempting to go through the draw-bridge at Hannibal, Mo., with a raft, was carried against the pier by a strong current and broken scumder near the boilers. Joseph Vallam, of La Crosse, Wis., Cooper, of Hannibal, Mo., and Henry Houseman, of Hannibal, Mo., were drowned. Nobody else was injured.

An elevated traveling derrick in Diener & Robinson's store yard, at Chicago, fell from the track to the ground, carrying down with it three men, Isaac Newton, Fred Walker and Jacob Andrews, and a boy of 11 years, Willie Robinson. The boy was killed instantly. Newton had both legs and an arm broken and died shortly afterward. The others escaped with severe bruises.

Two children of George Waggoner, aged respectively 6 and 7 years, a girl and a boy, were playing near the brick-kiln at Goshen, N. Y., when the girl fell into the water, which is about twenty feet deep. The boy pulled off his coat and jumped in to save her, and both were drowned. On hearing of the calamity the grief-stricken mother endeavored to drown herself as she sought for the bodies of the children.

Louis Becker, aged 35 years, of Becker & Fisk, house-furnishing goods, committed suicide at New York by hanging himself in his store on Eighth avenue. Business troubles are given as the cause.

A convention of colored men from every part of the State met at Mason, Ga., to discuss matters political and general. There were 346 delegates, and nearly the whole State was taken up in electing a chairman.

By a collision between freight trains near North Haven, Mass., George H. Stone, aged 35 years, a conductor, was killed, and Sylvester Knutson, brakeman, was severely injured. Both men lived at Lake Village.

The California Republican State Convention will meet at Sacramento on August 30th.

Governor Hawkins will be renominated in the Tennessee Republican Convention.

Scott, the Northampton bank robber, died in State prison at Concord, Mass.

A fire at Reynoldsville, Ont., burned Loeving & Son's pulp mill. Loss, \$10,000.

A fire at Wheeling, W. Va., destroyed the North Wheeling Glass Works. Loss, \$30,000.

The Franklin Hotel and the Opera House building at Franklin, Ind., were burned. Loss \$20,000.

Hon. W. B. Allen, author of Allen's History of Kentucky, and one of the oldest Masons in that State is dead, aged eighty years.

The Bonita Hotel, at Goldboro, N. C., was burned by a fire originating from a defective fuse, and three men were slightly hurt at the fire.

The Credit Valley round-house at parkdale, Ont., was burned, and four locomotives were damaged comparatively useless. Loss, \$50,000.

Jack Lewis, a farmer, forty-five years of age, living near Frederick-

burg, Va., hanged himself in his stable while under an imaginary apprehension of want of food.

Mrs. Semmers, living near North Georgetown, Tuscarora county, Ohio, was shot twice and fatally wounded by a tramp who had been refused work on the farm.

In a fracas at a mill in Thurlow, Ky. Oliver Strange, the owner of the mill, struck Mike Grant with a piece of timber, and Grant died from the effect of the blow.

At Bushing, Genesee county, Michigan, two safes were blown open by burglars, who made good their escape. It is said that A. N. Niles & Co., lost \$3000 and George E. Herriman & Co., \$300.

Mrs. Catherine Ninsinger, mother of Pauline Ninsinger, the operatic singer, died at St. Paul, Minn.

Fire destroyed the interior of the main building of the Milwaukee Brewery Association at Milwaukee. Loss, \$25,000.

The steamer Mark Lane, from Dundee for Philadelphia, thirty-six days out, arrived at Halifax, N. S., short of coal.

A fire which broke out at Searcy, Ark., in John A. Lewis' grocery, destroyed the entire block of nine business houses. Loss, \$21,000.

A mass meeting was held at Washington, D. C., auspices of the Federation of Labor, at which fourteen trade unions were represented.

The remains of the late Minister Harburt, which arrived at New York, were shipped to Chicago, accompanied by his family and friends.

Mayor Lamb, of Norfolk, Va., was nominated for reelection on a mixed ticket of Republican and Beadjueters, with a colored man for Street Inspector.

Isaac Bost, aged twenty-two years, a cigar packer, attempted suicide at New York by shooting himself with a pistol, but he may recover. No cause for his act is known.

Thomas H. McMullen, convicted at Taunton, Mass., of murder in the second degree in killing his wife last August, at Fall River, was sentenced to State prison for life.

The Stratigraphy Knitting Company's storehouse, at Stratford, Ont., was burned. Loss \$15,000.

The coal mine No. 1, at Carbon, Wyoming Territory, caved in, dangerously injuring C. T. Teal.

William Sexton defeated Jacob Schaefer in a cushion-carrom billiard game in New York, by a score of 690 to 535.

Bridget Healey, a native of Ireland, died in the Incurable Hospital at Blackwell's Island, New York, of asthma, aged one hundred and seven years.

Nathan Reavis was drowned at the Fall of the Neade, near Raleigh, N. C., while fishing. His father nearly perished while trying to rescue him.

A fire at St. Paul, Minn., destroyed the livery stable of J. H. Willoughby and two old frame barns. Loss, \$10,000.

Gutierrez having refused to see his sister (Mrs. Booville) when she called upon him at the jail in Washington, D. C., that lady then went to New York.

Charles Crawford, Charles Palmer, Elsie Ryland and Edward Ryland, her husband, and William B. Woodman, check-raisers and forgers, were arrested in New York.

The jury at New Orleans in the case of Michael and Dave Hennessy, on trial for the murder of Thomas Devereux, in October last, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Samuel A. Bailey, a venerable and influential citizen and formerly Mayor of Lynchburg, Va., died there, aged seventy years. He was one of the brightest Masons in the South.

Eastern Kentucky reports show that there was general and serious damage done to the fruit, but that the wheat is in much better condition than was expected, and that the tobacco is looking well.

Outside Upon California Chameas. MATINEE, CAL., April 27th.—A mob attacked a Chinese house last evening throwing the inmates from the second-story window. Three Chinese are badly hurt, and two will probably die. Several others are severely injured. The mob is unreluctant at present, but the citizens denounce the attack as a shameful outrage.

Hanged by a Mob in Kentucky. CINCINNATI, April 27th.—During a quarrel at Fairview, Ky., on Saturday last, William and Bradford Courts, brothers, shot and killed James Smith. The Courts brothers were taken to jail at Brookville on Monday, and last night a mob took the prisoners from the jail and hanged them to a tree in the neighborhood.

Reported Indian Massacre Contradicted. SAN FRANCISCO.—A Tombstone dispatch says a meeting has been held by the citizens of Bowie and a company of minute men organized for the protection of the town against Indians.

The report of the capture of Galeyville and the killing of thirty-five persons is incorrect. Only one man was killed, and he was three miles from the town. There are two companies of troops at Galeyville, and the Indians did not attack the place.

A Family Suffering from Trichinosis. ATCHISON, Kan.—On the 22d, ult., Adam Ballinger, living near Clyde, killed a hog, of which the entire family ate, and during the night all were seized with vomiting and the other symptoms of trichinosis. A son aged twelve years, died during the night, and the remainder of the family are in a dying condition, except Mrs. Ballinger, who may recover. The movements of the trichinae in the raw pork may be observed with the naked eye.

An Indian Hanged by a Mob. SAN FRANCISCO.—A dispatch from Colusa, this State, says: "On the night of April 24th an Indian was hanged by a mob at Stony Creek, thirty miles west of here. He had threatened the life of J. M. Pugh, a prominent farmer, and as he had been engaged in one murder and was a

degenerate character, he was taken out and hanged. He had been arrested and was in charge of a Constable at the time."

Lynch Law in Colorado. LAKE CITY, Col.—One hundred masked men overpowered the guard and took from the jail George Betts and Jim Brown, who shot and killed Sheriff Campbell yesterday morning while attempting to arrest them. The mob then hung the two men from the bridge. Both died pain, Betts asking for a chew of tobacco just before the rope was placed around his neck.

Washington. James H. Douglas was appointed Postmaster at Presport, Pa.

There were 45,000 post offices in the United States on April 23d, an increase of 350 in one month.

The President appointed William Y. Swigert as Postmaster at Wilmington, Delaware.

Sergeant P. Stearns, of New Jersey, was confirmed by the Senate as Consul General at Montreal.

The Senate confirmed Alfred A. Schellars as Postmaster at Lewisburg, Pa., and Jessie E. Dale at Dubois, Pa.

William H. Harner has been appointed Internal Revenue District Keeper for the Twenty-second district of Pennsylvania.

Henry H. McMillen was nominated by the President as United States Marshal for Delaware.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill in the Senate providing for a new public building at New Castle, Del.

Mr. Desander, of Virginia, introduced a bill in the House appropriating \$1,000,000 for a new Executive Mansion.

Mr. Harmer, of Pennsylvania, presented in the House a petition of citizens of Philadelphia in favor of the repeal of internal revenue taxes.

The Executive Committee of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee will select Colonel Hooper, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, as Secretary.

Counsel for the defendant in the suit of Hallet Kilbourn against ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Thompson, in which a verdict for \$100,000 damages was given, filed a motion to set aside the verdict and award a new trial.

The argument in the Sergeant Mason case was concluded in the United States Supreme Court by Solicitor General Phillips for the respondents and Mr. James M. Lyddy for the petitioner.

The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds agreed to recommend that the sum of \$25,000 be appropriated to aid in defraying the expenses of the centennial celebration at Newburg, N. Y., in 1883.

Nominations of Ministers Confirmed. The Senate in executive session confirmed Alphonse Taft, of Ohio, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria, and William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, to be Minister Resident to the Netherlands.

President Arthur coming to Philadelphia. The President and several of his Cabinet have accepted an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the State in Schuylkill Club, which takes place in Philadelphia on Monday afternoon.

The party will leave here in a special car at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. A Young Judge for New York. The President sent to the Senate the nomination of Alfred Conkling Cox, of New York, to be United States Judge for the Northern district of New York. Mr. Cox (who is appointed to succeed Judge Wallace, made Circuit Judge) is a nephew of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, and also of Bishop Cox, of the Western Diocese of New York. Mr. Cox graduated at Hamilton College, and read law with Mr. Conkling, whose partner he afterward became in Utica, where he now resides. He is only about 36 years old.

A Bond Call to be Issued. The Secretary of the Treasury will issue a call for all the unpaid 6 per cent. bonds of 1881, amounting to about \$11,000,000.

President Arthur sent to Congress a message in regard to the lawlessness in Arizona Territory (the cow boy trouble), and recommending that the act of June 18, 1875, be so amended as to allow the military forces to be employed as posse comitatus to assist the civil authorities within a Territory to execute the laws therein.

Gutierrez's Case in Court in Banc. Judges Carter, Cox and James, constituting the Supreme Court in Banc of the District of Columbia, met. District Attorney Corbitt stated that the bill of exceptions in the case of Gutierrez had been signed and filed, and he would ask the Court to fix an early date for hearing argument and deciding thereon. Mr. Charles Reed, as counsel for Gutierrez, said he would require some time to prepare for argument, and the Court set the case for May.

Pacific Railroad Land Grants. Mr. Gray, representing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, appeared before the sub-committee of the House Committee on the Judiciary and concluded his argument in opposition to the proposed forfeiture of lands granted to Pacific and other railroad companies. Mr. Gray's argument was to the effect that while the Government had the power to withdraw the grants from the respective railroads it was not in the power of Congress to use the lands in question for any other purposes. The committee did not act on the matter.

Business in the House of Representatives. WASHINGTON.—The committee of seven appointed under the resolution of the Republican caucus of the House to lay out a programme in relation to the order of business has decided that the Tariff Commission bill (which will be again taken up as soon as the election case of Lynch vs. Chalmers is disposed of) shall be pressed for final action, and then the remaining election cases and after them the Appropriation bill. An effort will be made to pass the bill for the distribution of the

Geneva Award and the Bowman bill, or a substitute, to relieve Congress from the consideration of private bills, but beyond the legislation indicated the committee has not yet formulated any order of consideration.

A BANKRUPTCY BILL. Features of the Measure Reported to the House. The bill reported to the House by Mr. Humphries, from the Judiciary Committee, to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy, is what is known as the "Lowell bill," which was introduced in the House on January 24, by Mr. Robinson. Messrs. Humphries and Manning, the subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, to whom it was referred, have considered the bill, and as amended by them it was ordered to be printed and recommitted for action by the full committee. Many of the amendments are unimportant, such as the substitution of the word "commissioner" for "register," and changing the time in which certain papers, motions, appeals, etc., are to be paid. The more important amendments are to section 8, so as to provide that the final judgment, decree or order of the Circuit Court having jurisdiction in all questions properly arising in the Courts of bankruptcy as such, in whatever mode they may be tried, shall be reviewed by the Supreme Court.

Section 27 is amended to provide that when it shall appear by the affidavit of a creditor that a debtor is about to leave the country to avoid the payment of his debts, or to the obstruction of the settlement of his estate, the Judge shall issue an order summoning the debtor to appear before him and make answer to such questions as he may deem necessary, providing that such order shall not hinder or obstruct the conduct of his ordinary business and shall not issue unless the petitioning creditor shall first give a bond in not less than \$500.

The amended bill uses the term "trustee" instead of "assignee," and provides that the "commissioner" shall ex officio be trustee unless the creditors shall select one, and shall in all cases where the estate does not exceed \$1000. The bill further provides that any creditor whose claim has been allowed may upon his affidavit be entitled to an order from the Judge summoning the bankrupt at any time before a discharge has been granted to appear before the Judge and be examined touching all matters affecting the settlement of his estate, and in the case of corporations this provision shall apply to its officers. It further provides that any creditor whose claim has been allowed may, upon giving proper bond, bring an action in the name of the trustee and for the benefit of the estate to expunge the proof of any debt which may have been allowed, or to set aside any transfer of property made in fraud of this Bankruptcy act.

is \$50. Of the seventy-five shops in the city twenty-one have given in to the demand. In six shops it was reported that the men had remained at work at the old rate. It is said that the master plumbers individually are willing to give in, but are not allowed to do so by their organization.

The one hundred machinists employed in the carpet factory of E. S. Higgins & Co., who petitioned the firm for an increase for ten per cent. in their wages, were refused the increase, and returned to work at the old rates, \$2.45 per day.

The premen employed by John Scott, of Spruce street, were granted an increase of wages of fifty cents a night. They had been receiving \$1.75 to \$2.50 for thirteen hours work.

BALTIMORE.—The hands in four brickyards in the northeastern section of the city went on a strike today for an advance in wages, the moulders, who now receive \$2 per day, demanding \$3. Several hundred men are in the strike.

TORONTO, ONT.—Five Church of England clergymen addressed a meeting of the carpenters on strike, offering their services as mediators. They afterward called upon the Mayor, requesting him to call a meeting of the Master Carpenters' Association, so that the clergymen might address them. The Mayor has accordingly written to the President of the association asking for a meeting.

Team-Owners' Strike at Chicago for \$5 Per Day. CHICAGO.—An extensive strike was inaugurated under the auspices of the Team Owners' Mutual Benefit Association of Chicago, which has a membership of 3000 men and controls between 1100 and 1200 teams. The team-owners have expressed the determination not to go to work until they get \$5 per day.

New York.—It was reported at the headquarters of the striking plumbers that four more employers had agreed to pay the \$4 per day wages. It is said that nearly all the employing plumbers would do so but for the Master Plumbers' Association.

HONOLULU, N. J.—About seventy-five men employed as coal trimmers by Contractor James Roarty struck for an advance from 25 to 30 cents per day. The contractor promptly acceded to their demand and requested the men to resume work at once. They had returned to work but a short time when they struck again for 35 cents per ton. Mr. Roarty indignantly refused to pay the additional 5 cents, whereupon the men quit work.

Western Gleanings. The Joaze Side. "Recent facts lead to the conclusion that butter was invented by a Mr. Strong, of ancient Greece."

"Two was shoost enough, budt dree was too plenty," remarked Hans, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along to a dance.

"Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon?" "Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody."

Chicago Poetry. Over the meadows so fresh and green Gallop the Little Clouds, Flout on the breeze, like a silvery sheen, Flout her new black hair.

Fast goes her steed over hill and dale, Wondrous are his jumps; Look on my lady, you'll see her pale, Soon he will have the thumps.

Little you're thinking, my lady proud— Beautiful Little Cloud— That soon in grief will your head be bowed Sluffing on two small pail.

Green grows the ivy on churchyard wall, Soon will the flies be here; Then will Lord Ronald, thy love, thy all, Tackle the new book bear.

A young man who went to the circus, and stepped too near a monkey's cage, had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely if he had not said: "It is merely a monkey wrench."

A New Prophecy. When lawyers fail to take a fee, And justice never cleare; When politicians are content, And landlords don't collect their rent; When parties smash all the machines, And Boston falls as on the seas; When naughty children all die young, And girls are born without a tongue; When ladies don't take time to hop, And office-holders never stop; When preachers out their sermons short; And all looks to the church resort; When back subscribers all have paid; And editors have fortunes made; Such happiness will sure be ours, This world must soon come to an end.

N. Y. Express. A skeptic at a social party engrossed general attention by an effort to prove that human beings have no souls. Seeing the company staring at him in wonder and silence, he finally said to a lady: "What do you think of my argument, madam?" She promptly replied, "If appears to me, sir, that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

A lady who was singing last week at a charity concert and the audience insisted upon hearing her sing the second time. Her daughter, a little child, was present and on being asked afterwards how her mamma had sung, replied: "Very badly, for they made her do it over again."

Photographing Flight. Mr. Muirbridge, of San Francisco, having shown photographers how to take pictures of a horse at full gallop, M. Marey, a French savant, has extended the process to the flight of birds. He has succeeded in analyzing the flight of a bird by the method employed by M. Janssen in observing the relative movement of two stars, that is, by a photographic revolver. This was in the form of a following-piece aimed at the bird, and twelve pictures were taken successively in 1-700 of a second each. The plates were gelatin bromide of silver, which could, if need, take an impression in 1-1600 of a second. By placing the set of pictures in a theatroscopic of Plateau, the flying of the bird was easily reproduced.

A hand car carrying eight or ten section hands collided with a passenger train in the Bier Ridge tunnel, two miles south of New Lexington, Ohio. Two of the workmen, John Frayne and James Farrell, were fatally injured.

Statistical. The first large party of English colonists for Manitoba, numbering upwards of 500, arrived at Halifax, April 9th, on the steamer Glenora, and left by special trains that night for the Northwest. They carried with them sums of money aggregating \$500,000.

From the Scotch census of 1881 it appears that of the total population of 3,738,538 those who speak Gaelic number 331,002. There are eight registration districts in the entire country, and of these that in which reside the greatest proportionate number who speak Gaelic is the northwestern, where 117,214 out of the total 165,898 speak it. That in which the least number reside is the southern, in which the proportion is 81 in a total of 209,487. Of counties, the three greatest Gaelic-speaking ones are Argyll and Bute, with 60,447; Ross and Cromarty, with 60,767; and Argyll, with 60,113; the three least are Peebles, with 3; Selkirk, with 8, and Kirkcubright with 11.

Rice Crop of the United States. The rice production of 1879, as returned at the census of 1880, is shown in an extra census bulletin just issued. The average was 174,173, the yield 110,151, 378 pounds. Nearly half the crop was raised in South Carolina, and two other States, Georgia and Louisiana, raised the bulk of the remainder. In round numbers, the crops of the three States named were 63, 25 and 23 million pounds. North Carolina raised nearly six million pounds, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama and Texas smaller amounts. The largest average yield per acre, 725 pounds, was found in Georgia; South Carolina averages 664 pounds; Louisiana, 553. In every State, except Texas and Alabama, single counties averaged 1,000 pounds or more to the acre. The areas of such high average production were small.—Scientific American.

Her Majesty's Players. Let us take a peep into the Globe. On one of the poets dividing the carriage from the footway is a playbill. Apprentices, foreign-looking merchants with well-browned faces, a dandy staining his lace ruffles with snuff from a silver box, and a broad shouldered countryman, evidently up for law term, are conning their rough, large letters. If we look over the shoulders of one of the apprentices we can read it. There is now being performed, it states, "The most excellent historie of the Merchant of Venice," with the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jewe, toward the sayd merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets, as it hath diverse times been acted by the Lord Chamberlain, his servants. Written by William Shakespeare." There is no cast of the performers.

We enter in good time for the play. This is the wooden O mentioned by the bard himself in his Prologue to Henry V. The pit is already fairly filled and worth studying. Leather-bound apprentices abound; some with permission of their masters, others, to judge from their dispirited looks, evidently without. Some are grouped in busy gossip on the earthen floor, others playing at cards, whilst eating, smoking, chaffing and hustling are going on all round. There is a good deal of pushing toward the front. These are the "youths that thunder at the playhouses and fight for bitten apples," referred to in "Henry VIII." A few women, wearing masks are visible here, but they rise no higher than the wives of citizens, and some of them sink much lower. In the boxes whose fronts are hung with painted cloths, are the more fashionable persons, curled and perfumed, looking down on the tumult below with great curiosity. In a high box is the band playing an overture, in response to a trumpet call, but not much regarded. The instruments apparently are shawms, violins, sackbuts and dulcimers. The worsted stage curtain is down, and we can see that it opens down the centre, and that each part draws back from behind. Whilst the soundings are pointing out the noisies in the boxes—a well-known couter, a new ambassador, a great sea captain—the trumpet sounds again, and the curtain is drawn aside.

We are introduced to a street in Venice, as appears by a label in antique type. Had there been a prologue, it would have been spoken by an actor in a long black cloak, and he it been "Hamlet" or "King Lear," the stage would have been hung with black. The stage itself is rather broad than deep. It is covered with green rushes. A curtain at the back hides a raised balcony in which are unemployed actors, and possibly Shakespeare himself. The actors speaking wear common clothes, suitable to their rank in England. Before Bassano enters, several dandies, in trunk hose and short cloaks and dainty low-crowned hats, have lounged on to the stage, with boy attendants bringing their stools. Their rosetted shoes are plainly visible as they cross their legs, with an air of languor, and lit their eyebrows the better to study the pit. One of them, dreadfully bored, discards his stool, and lies at his full length on the rushes. Another takes out his pipe and his tobacco, and begins to smoke through his nose, and to blow the blue cloud upward, in ring after ring to show that he had learned to "take tobacco" from the very best professors.

The play proceeds. Portia and Nerissa are played by boys, as all women's parts. Presently Shylocke enters in his Jewish garb, and, as can be seen any day in the Jewery, or in Lombard street, and there, in Richard Burbage himself. The dandies on their stools seem momentarily interested. One takes from his pocket his table-book, made of small pieces of slate, bound together in duodecimo, such as Autolycus sold in "A Winter's Tale," and such as Sir Nathaniel drew out to write down the most "singular and choice epithet" used by Holofemes, in "Love's Labour's Lost," in describing Don Adriano de

Armad as being "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were to peregrinate." We are unable to see what he is writing down, whether comments on the play, or passages for use in conversation at St. Paul's or over his ordinary. Probably his friends will hear him saying to-night, "How like a fawning publican he looks!" "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." In "In religion what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it, and approve it with a text." Concerning the dandies turned critics, Ben Jonson once wrote: "Let them know the author defines them and their writing-tables." Many of the pithy quotations still in common use were first introduced by the writing-table gentry, who made them clasp before the plays in which they were contained were printed for public reading.

Amidst whistling from the select sitters on the stools, and much yelling from the pit at Shylocke, and a great deal of merry imitation when Bassano sings, in the casket scene, the play goes on. The sprawling gentleman, who is evidently ill at ease, wishes the audience to see that he cares nothing for Portia and her domestic arrangements, and so he crosses the stage at the back, and joining another exultant on the opposite side, they fall to cards, to pause for a few minutes whilst a jester appears, between the third and fourth acts, to dance a jig, and sing a rude snatch full of what are now called "tropical allusions." The trivial scene comes on, and down go the cards into the rushes. The pit is still as the grave. All eyes are on the stage. A by-stander whispers in our ear, "The Duke is played by the author, a right noble looking fellow."

We recognize him at once. He delivers himself with effect in a soft but round mellow voice. One or two table-writers are busy with their slates, the scratching of their pencils distinctly audible in the pauses of the dialogue. The performance at length comes to an end. The players come forward to the front of the stage. They kneel together and say in concert, "God save the Queen," as the Epilogue says himself in the Second Part of Henry IV., and it is used to run at the end of our own plays. The curtains cross together, and amidst hooting, jostling and chaff the crowd disperses. Presently Shakespeare and his companion will go to the Falcon, or cross London Bridge for a night at the Mermaid, pointed at as they pass, and individually as well-known as around Jonson and reverend-looking Chapman. Such, with small variations, was the play-acting of the days of Elizabeth and James.

Elizabeth never visited any of the public theatres. Very few respectable women ever did, or there would have been less coarseness in the plays of the time, which may be said to have been written solely for men. But she frequently had Shakespeare's pieces played before her. She was a great admirer of the two parts of "Henry IV." "Othello" was played before her in 1602.

The *Famulla* relates with glee an anecdote of the late Carnival in Turin. The Artists' Club gave a masquerade ball, to which a number of eminent residents had been invited, including among others the Duchesse de Genoa and Count Ferraris. The latter is one of those many dilettanti who in both halves of the globe have gone mad over the genius and the charms of the renegade Sarah Bernhardt. The committee informed the Count that they had succeeded in persuading the "great actress," in spite of her slight illness, to appear at the ball. The excitement was intense. When a member of the committee rushed into the salon and announced that the sensation Sarah had just arrived everybody thronged about the doors. The Duchesse of Genoa held her lorgnette to her eyes. Count Ferraris prepared a speech of welcome. The door was flung open, and the famous Diva, worn and feeble, and resting upon the arm of Signor Giacosa, entered the ball-room. She replied with a graceful bow to the eager and reverential salutes of the company. She held a huge bouquet in one hand, and in the other a lace pocket-handkerchief, behind which she coughed slightly while Count Ferraris was greeting her with an adulatory speech. The Duchesse of Genoa graciously told her how delighted she was to make the acquaintance of so wonderful a personal artist.

After perambulating the room for some time, chatting with one and another, the *tragedienne* requested a cavalier to lead her to the robing-room. Here she threw off her magnificent ball dress, and reappeared in the ball-room clothed in a masculine black dress—coat and trousers. While the company at large were whispering its astonishment at the eccentric *bizarrie* of the actress, one of the guests looked the supposititious Sarah closely in the face, and suddenly exclaimed, "Why, it is Signor Calandra!" It appears that a young sculptor named Calandra, with the assistance of a few fellow-conspirators, had resolved to play a trick upon the gushing admirers of the

THE SWALLOW AT CHALGROVEPUTOCH.

BY MISS KARKYLE.

(Carpenter's wife, delicately reared, accomplished and much admired, was condemned to pass seven years, childless and in bitter poverty, with him, morose, uncompanionable, exacting, at Chalgroveputoch, the dreariest, loneliest spot in Scotland. There she wrote and sent to Lord Jeffery these lines):

To a swallow building under my Eaves.
These two have traveled, little fluttering things—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rove.
But mureh, my little bird, wouldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy tale,
Of all the varied scenes that met thee eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

Did fortune tarry there? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse
To find here?—
Ah, no! thou fallest not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures,
Man alone is poor!

What was it then? some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's illume, till thou art grown
A sober thing that doth not mope and moan
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might
And might and mair,
No more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct more than sense about thy lot,
And hast not all care
Whether an Eider or a desert be
Thy home so thou remain'st alive, and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest
I love and prize
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! Oh, ask not I do with mine!
Would I were such!

Mollie's Match-Making.

A dainty parlor with numerous easy chairs—a glowing fire in the nickel trimmed heater—a pretty little woman listening for the footsteps of the lord and master. This charming picture of domestic bliss John Ackerman fully appreciated as he stepped into the room a few minutes later.

"Well, Mollie, what's the news?"

"Oh, nothing, only supper has been waiting half an hour. Come, let us hurry and eat, I want to talk with you."

"I thought there was something on your mind; didn't know but I was going to get a lecture for being late."

"You deserve one, for this is the last evening I shall spend with you for two whole weeks."

Mrs. John Ackerman tried to frown, but failed completely.

In another half hour they were back in the parlor, and Mollie began—

"I think Tom is a fine fellow, and there were never two brothers more alike than you and he."

"Thank you, my dear, I honor your judgment."

"And John, I have the most brilliant plan concerning him."

"Do tell!" said John, with a movement toward his coat pocket, where the evening paper lay in uncut solitude.

Mollie observed the motion, and promptly informed him that he should not read a word until she was through talking.

"I am going away to-morrow, and then you may read the paper from the time you enter the house until midnight, with no one to bother you," she said.

Somehow, the vision of the little parlor without Mollie's lively chatter did not seem to strike favorably; perhaps this was why he tossed the paper to the other side of the room and promised to listen. Mollie perched herself on one arm of his chair and started.

"You know my sister Amy is coming home with me for a long visit and don't you think it would be splendid if she and Tom would fall in love with each other? They could get married and set up housekeeping in a cottage like this one across the street—it would make me so happy!"

John laughed long and heartily.

"Match-making, by Jove!" he said at last, "Miserable yourself, and want everybody else to be; is that it, Mollie?"

"Don't laugh, John, for I am in earnest. I know they will like each other, and I have set my heart on the match; just think how nice it would be to have Amy here; and Tom is such a darling!"

John was laughing again by this time, and it took considerable management to reduce him to order.

"I tell you what it is, Mollie, you don't want me to say a word of this to Tom or Amy, or they will take a dislike to each other."

"I know it," rejoined Mollie. "When I told Tom I was going to visit Aunt Hetty I did not mention Amy's name and don't think he knows of her existence; as for Amy, I have been with her so little since I was married that I am sure I never spoke to her of Tom."

"Well, see that you don't do so now; you couldn't mention his name without praising him to the skies, and she would see through your plans at once."

Mollie departed the next morning, leaving directions enough to distract a man if he tried to remember half of them.

"Don't have Tom at the house when we return," was Mollie's last injunction. "Amy will be tired with her journey and I want her to have a chance to beautify a little before she meets him."

When they reached the depot Mollie's courage began to fail.

"I'm almost sorry to go, John," she said, "Suppose something should happen to you while I am away?"

"Nonsense, darling! Go and have a good time; and be sure to come back in two weeks and bring Amy with you."

in two weeks and bring Amy with you."

Mollie's heart was so thoroughly in her pet plan that she found it very hard to refrain from all mention of her adorable brother-in-law during the two weeks that followed; once she did refer to the cozy party of four which they would make and then was obliged to turn it off on Jenny, the little maid-of-all-work, as making the fourth.

The day before Mollie was to return, Aunt Hetty fell ill. Amy was obliged to postpone her visit for a few days at least. Mollie could go on as she had intended, and she would follow as soon as Aunt Hetty could spare her.

"Amy will certainly come up next week," she assured John; "but I could not wait another day."

It was so pleasant to be at home once more, and mistress of all she surveyed; a note from Amy saying she would come on the following Saturday set her mind completely at rest. She was really sorry to hear John say one morning:

"I think we had better take that run down to Camden's to-day. We must go sometime this month, and of course you won't want to go after your sister comes."

"John, you know we cannot stay away all night; I gave Jenny leave of absence until Friday and it won't do to leave the house alone."

"I'll get Tom to come and sleep here."

"There are three keys," said she, as they left the house. "You can give one to Tom, and I will leave one to Mr. Gate's next door. The house might get on fire, and then it would be better to have a key handy, as they could get in house and bring out the things."

"Yes," said John, sarcastically; "or I might hire a squad of policemen to watch the house day and night."

About eleven o'clock that evening Miss Amy Alden alighted from an express and looked about the depot as if expecting some one.

"They could not have received my second postal," she concluded, after waiting nearly half an hour in the ladies' room. "Well, I can very easily find their house."

A back soon deposited her in front of the pretty cottage on Lake street; it was dark and Amy pulled the bell several times without hearing a sound from within. Where could Mollie and John have gone? There was a light in the next house, and Amy remembered hearing her sister speak of her kind neighbor, Mrs. Gate; perhaps they were spending the evening with her, or at any rate, she might know of their whereabouts. Amy ran across the small grass plot which separated the two cottages and rang the bell.

Mrs. Gates soon explained matters.

"You look a little like Mrs. Ackerman when you laugh," she said in conclusion, "so I suppose it's all right to let you have the key; but she wasn't looking for you until Saturday."

"Probably she did not receive my postal, which I mailed yesterday."

"Well, I'll give you the key, of course; but are you not afraid to stay alone in the house?"

"Oh, I'm not at all timid," said Amy.

"But there's a gang of burglars about the city," urged Mrs. Gates. "But you are coming to come in and sleep on our parlor sofa if you are afraid."

"No, thank you," said Amy. "I will risk it for one night."

She let herself into the deserted house, but without some thrills of fear, it must be confessed. How quiet everything was! Oh, if Mollie was only there! She took a survey of the rooms, the kitchen last of all, where she concluded to look for something to eat. Hark! what was that? Only the silver-toned clock striking the midnight hour.

"That woman's talk about burglars has made me nervous," she thought, continuing her search for eatables.

Hark, again! Surely that was a key turning in a lock; then a door opened and shut quietly, and there was footsteps in the hall, Amy's small stock of courage went down to zero. Instinctively she grasped the poker lying on the range near her. The next instant the door opened, and a great broad-shouldered man with blackened face and hands stepped into the room. Amy felt herself growing white with fear, but she raised her poker threateningly for a moment they stared at each other in silence, then the man spoke.

"Who the—who are you?"

Amy tried to shriek for help, but the sound died away in her throat; she was too frightened to speak or move.

Presently he came toward her.

"Will you please lower the poker, or else move away from the sink? I would like to come here and wash my hands," he said looking very much inclined to laugh.

Was ever such affronted known before? Still speechless, Amy moved around toward what looked to be an outside door.

"Don't glare at me in that frightful way," he went on, with a glance into her terror-stricken eyes.

Then came a hearty laugh which reassured Amy very little. Certainly this was a most extraordinary burglar, or else there was some ridiculous mistake. She would flee to Mrs. Gate's protection at all events, she thought, dropping her weapon and tugging away at the huge bolt with trembling fingers.

By this time the young man had finished his ablutions, and presented quite a different appearance.

"I am Mr. Ackerman's brother," he said, politely; "he asked me to remain in his house to night, as a means of protection in his absence."

"Mr. Ackerman has no brother," contradicted Amy, stoutly.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Certainly I am. Mrs. Ackerman has just made me a visit; she would have mentioned him if such a person existed."

"Can it be that you are Aunt Hetty?"

"Aunt Hetty, indeed," Amy was finding courage and voice fast enough now.

"I beg your pardon," said Tom; "but Mollie told me she was going to visit her Aunt Hetty, and you said she was visiting you; hence my mistake."

"I am Mrs. Ackerman's sister."

"Strange I never heard her speak of you! However, I am sorry I frightened you, Miss—Mrs. Alden, and if you will allow me I will explain matters. I am bookkeeper at Bolton's hardware establishment."

"You looked more like a bootblack," interrupted Amy.

"Or a burglar," added Tom. "Well, as I was saying, I am bookkeeper, but there was a press of work in the foundry to-night and as they happened to be short of hands I offered to stay and assist; this accounts for my late arrival, also for my blackened face and hands."

He looked very much like indulging in another hearty laugh, but restrained himself at the sight of Amy's white, distressed face.

"I am afraid I was rude," she said, "but it was such a shock to me; I am very tired and—"

Tom sprang to her side, or she would have fallen from sheer exhaustion. He helped her into the parlor, brought wine and refreshments from Mollie's generous store-room, and they were soon talking matters over quite calmly.

It was after two o'clock when Tom proposed to go and ask Mrs. Gates to come over for the rest of the night; but Amy protested against this, saying she was not afraid if he would remain in the house.

Mollie was almost beside herself when she came home and found how affairs had gone in her absence; crying one minute over Amy's fright, laughing the next over Tom's graphic description of the same, it was some time before they settled down into anything like quiet.

As the days and weeks went by, Mollie could not determine whether certain plans of hers were to proper or not. Tom spent all his evenings with them, but he and Amy were always on contrary sides of every question and they fantasized each other so unmercifully that poor Mollie sometimes despaired of their being friends, not to mention a nearer relation.

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"And little did I suspect then," he went on soberly, she would ever have the privilege of brandishing the poker over me for life."

"What do you mean?" cried Mollie, staring first at Tom's solemn visage and then at Amy's flushed cheeks.

"Just what I said. Amy and I are going to set up housekeeping in the opposite cottage, where I suppose she will continue to flourish all sorts of murderous weapons at me."

"John, darling, it's coming about exactly as we planned," shouted Mollie, springing up in excitement.

Well, it did come about just as Mollie desired. Mrs. Amy even made cardinal the predominant color in her parlor, and it harmonized charmingly with the dark beauty of its mistress.

The sisters are inseparable, and as happy as two mortals can ever expect to be. Tom is something more than bookkeeper in the Bolton hardware business now, and he and John are talking of buying two handsome properties in the suburbs of the city. Mrs. Mollie declares she would rather remain in the little home on Lake street, but what woman was ever proof against a handsome establishment in an aristocratic neighborhood? Not our ambitious little Mollie, I am sure.

A New Musical Instrument.

The London Times describes a recent trial of a new musical instrument invented by Mr. Baillie Hamilton, which resembles in shape and in the means of producing sound the harmonium or cabinet organ. There is, however, one important difference. Mr. Hamilton employs what is technically known as "free reeds," but instead of setting on them singly, he divides them into groups of three connected by a bridge, which so modifies their individual sounds as to emit a single note of great sonorous beauty and power. The sound of reeds belonging to a sounding-box or cavity through which the air passes much as the breath in singing passes through the throat, the intention being to produce a quality of tone resembling the human voice. In this attempt Mr. Hamilton has been remarkably successful by means entirely different from those employed in the "vox humana" stops of ordinary organs. The timber of the new invention varies somewhat between the voice and the softer wind instruments, such as French horn, clarinet, etc., partaking of the qualities of both, the beauty of the sustained notes being, indeed, remarkable. The chief defect of the instrument is its slowness of speech, which makes the execution of rapid passages a matter of extreme difficulty, if not impossibility. This drawback, however, does not appear to be structural, and may no doubt be remedied in subsequent specimens.

Glazed Photographs.

The beautiful gloss on photographs called enamelling is produced, says The Scientific American, as follows: For the prints have been toned, washed and trimmed in the usual way they are immersed in a warm filtered aqueous solution of gelatin of about the consistency of collodion, to which is afterward added a small quantity of sugar candy. When the paper has become well impregnated with the liquid the pieces are removed and placed, smooth face downward, upon a plate of glass previously coated with a four per cent. normal collodion, and air dried. In placing the print care must be taken to quickly press out all air bubbles. Afterward a sheet of stout white paper, not somewhat larger than the prints, is cemented to the back of each photograph to protect the pictures in the event of their spontaneously leaving the glass on drying. The plates are allowed to remain over night in a dry locality, when the portraits may be separated from the glass by making an incision of the film all around the paper.

Commercial.

Wool Prospects.

The colonial wool sales in London were brought to a close on the first of April, and the cablegrams say that all desirable descriptions of staple closed quite as buoyantly if not stronger than they opened. The demand ran chiefly on the finest wools. From the fact that although the sales opened at a time of considerable financial depression on the continent prices were fully maintained throughout, and that of an offering of 300,000 bales of wool American buyers only secured 1,250 bales, it seems a little strange that markets on this side fail to respond to the tone of the market across the Atlantic. At Liverpool the finer wools exhibit much strength. Under the auspices of fine spring weather—confidence is reviving in business circles. In our leading American markets the feeling is evidently languid, if not depressed. Large sales were made a few days ago in Philadelphia of washed and unwashed quarter blood, mongrel, and territorial wools at some concession, but it is a little significant that some shrewd buyers of that city were in New York last week (according to the Economist) paying full if not extreme prices for the combing wools. Some Australian wool has been coming in, and one of the wool circulars (just at hand) says it is now offered on the Boston market at prices that render it preferable to American fleeces. Attention is called to the fact, for the benefit of American wool growers, that Australian wool is carefully and properly prepared for market. The fleeces are skirted and lightly dyed up with thistle water.

Complaints are made by Eastern wool houses that the fine wool—some of it at least—lately received from Ohio is not thoroughly washed, that it is heavily tied up with twine and in many cases stuffed. Such practices will ruin the reputation of any section. We commend to all readers who are interested in wool, the following extracts from the Economist.

"What is now wanted is good, well-made goods, such as the weaver will not be ashamed of after the first hard shower. To make good goods, requires good wool. We therefore look for an ample demand from now to clip for all good, fine fleeces, of which quality we do not believe this country can furnish any too much. We have a good, cordial regard for fine Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, not forgetting New York and Pennsylvania by any means. In these States is grown a great quality of wool which is fit to make goods for kings' garments—railroad kings or telegraph kings, or real estate kings, any sort of king. How the world does love that name king! That is why we use it here."

"What we mean is that out of our best wools grown in our best States we can make goods of good enough finish for anybody. It may be that Australian makes a softer finish, but not so strong, and even Australia may have a bur which must seriously affect the value of that sort of wool. No wool can be got up anywhere freer from objectionable things like burs, seeds, etc., than that of our older States, if we could only set it up in better condition."

"We believe in getting up the wool well, having it cleaned—washed so that each year a man can sell his clip by its general reputation with buyers. Let buyers fight shy of heavy clips after year after year, and that will be the best way to make that clip a lighter one in good condition."

"The wools most wanted for a few years at least are the long stapled fine wool, half-blood to five-eighths blood, and of length to comb, and they comb shorter wool now than they once did fine wool generally. With coarse wool we fear demand will not be extra good for some time to come; the coarser the worse the demand."

A Dream of Murder.

The narrator said that, some years ago, he was "best man" at the marriage of a friend, who afterward proceeded with his bride to a large town in England. The lady possessed great personal charms, and had quite a following of suitors, the most conspicuous of whom was a young chemist, who did not bear the most irreproachable character; but shortly before the marriage, this young man disappeared. The married couple were very happy for several months, till an event happened which bears on the story. Returning from a concert one evening, the young wife received a slight chill, which threatened to rest on the lungs, and medical assistance was procured. The doctor came, and after ordering a simple prescription, he retired, remarking that his patient would be all right in a day or two. This anticipation, however, was not fulfilled. To the great grief of the husband, his wife showed symptoms of extreme lassitude; and the most skillful diagnosis of an eminent physician failed to account for the abnormal condition. Medicine was of course prescribed freely, but with no beneficial result. Exhaustion supervened; and at this crisis the husband telegraphed for his friend in Edinburgh to come and perform some little business.

The summons was readily obeyed, as the friend had a sincere admiration for the husband, and the greatest respect for the suffering wife. Seated that night in a Midland carriage, with no companion but his thoughts the young man recalled all the circumstances of the marriage, not forgetting the sinister incident of the disappointed apothecary's disappearance. As he thought on all these matters, he fell asleep. He awoke with a start, and found he was at Carlisle. His sleep had not been refreshing, for it had been disturbed by a dream that troubled him. Unsentimental by nature, he tried to laugh the fancy away; but it refused to be exorcised. Still harping on some of the incidents, he reached his friend's home, and found the young wife in a hopeless condition. The husband was saddened and perplexed; and his friend, realizing that action of some kind was necessary to raise the mourner from his stupor, succeeded in getting him to talk about the business he wished transacted.

They went through a number of streets conversing familiarly, when all of a sudden the husband found himself grasped by the arm, and looked round to see his friend gazing eagerly into the window of a shop. Recovering himself in an instant the visitor talked freely, and did not volunteer an explanation of his rather erratic conduct; but on returning to the house, he requested the servant to bring the bottle containing the medicine last given to the suffering woman. She had just washed it, as the doctor had ordered her to go for another dose.

This was disappointing, certainly. But the friend was a born detective, and not to be balked. The girl went for the medicine. When she returned with it the young man took the bottle and without acquainting the husband of his intention, left the house with a brief interval with the medicine. During the night, the breathing of the patient became easier, and when the doctor called the next day, he was able to report symptoms of recovery.

In the evening the friend, accompanied by a man of severe demeanor, entered the room where the husband sat, and requested him to come out on a little piece of business. They walked in silence through several streets, and at last reached a police station, which they entered. Behind the desk there was seated a man with his face buried in his hands. The officer on duty, without much circumlocution, told the business which had called them there. Addressing the husband, he said that the man seated in the office was charged with administering noxious drugs. When the accused stood up, the party saw the altered features of the missing chemist. A light seemed to flash over the husband's face; and after he had made all the necessary depositions, he hurried home. At the next assizes, the chemist was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; and as he pleaded guilty, the public knew nothing of the circumstances more than was contained in the charges. One of the prosecutors, however, had manifested a great interest in the case; and as the husband and friend were leaving the court, he requested the latter to give him some explanation of the manner in which his suspicions were first called forth against the criminal. The friend at once told his story.

In the railway carriage, he had dreamed that he was walking through a large city which he had never visited. At length he came upon a row of shops, and at a window of one of these he observed the face of a man, debased and vindictive in its expression, and quite familiar to him. The man held a mortar and pestle in his hands, and while he mixed up some drug, there was a baleful light in his fishy-looking eyes. Then the sharp whistle of the engine awakened the dreamer. The sequel was plain. Walking with his friend through the labyrinth of streets, could he despise his sleeping fancy when he saw before him the actual row of shops, while at one of the windows stood a figure that haunted his memory like a nightmare? It was a perfect revelation. When he returned, and secured the medicine and prescription, he went to another chemist, and procured the needed restorative, and then called upon an analyst with the first bottle. It was found to contain a deadly narcotic; and the police authorities having been satisfied with the main facts, ordered the arrest of the jealous and wretched man, before the guilt of actual murder lay at his door.

Gems in Prose and Poetry.

He who refuses justice to the defenceless, makes every concession to the powerful.

Love.

Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter barren but vain;
Love that giveth to null store
Aye receiveth as much and more;
Love, exalting nothing best,
Never knoweth any lack;
Love, compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day.

Mabel.

Dainty maiden, dark, yet fair,
Gay Queen Mab, with regal air,
Thou art lovely, I've no need to fret,
Sending my devotion to thee,
Let my passion be my plea.

May I say, yet not be bold,
I prefer black hair to gold,
I prefer black eyes to blue,
Why? Forneath I thought you knew
Both of these belong to you.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

Ruth.

Light of my life, thou charming Israelite!
Thou art my Ruth, and I a sheath of corn;
Thine eyes the scythe 'neath which I help
One fair autumn morn.

O' sweet gleamer in the teaming field!
Ah! smiling vires, pity, pity me!
Blind me with all thy arts, with all thy charms,
Blind me—to thee, to thee!

And when each to the other's bound for
Listen, sweet Ruth, my words are fraught
With meaning—
You'll not be angry should I ask you to—
Well—stop your gleaning?

It is with happiness as with watches; the less complicated the less easily deranged.

Providence has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings which is appreciated only by those who dare grapple with them.

Dead.

Thick in the path the leaves lie dead;
The days of laughter are gone from me;
The blossom has dropped and the summer
Is dead.

Swallows are all flown over the sea,
Gone never the end—not we!
Other songs we sing and the words we said—
Thick in the path the leaves lie dead.
The days of laughter are gone from me.

Marble.

Marble is generally considered to be a very rigid material. A remarkable case, however, is given by M. Guebhard, in which a marble slab at one side of a door in the Alhambra at Grenada had become so considerably out of shape by superincumbent weight, without breaking. The slab is ten feet high, nine inches broad and two inches thick.

Religious Intelligence.

Vatican Manuscript of the New Testament.

The issue of the Revised New Testament has directed fresh attention to the history of the text of the New Testament, and, particularly, to the manuscript copies of it. The two most important and ancient of these in the Greek language are the Codex Sinaiticus and Codex Vaticanus. The Codex Vaticanus, or Vatican MS., is in the Vatican library at Rome, where it was probably placed by Pope Nicholas V., about the time of the foundation of the library in 1448. "This MS," The Sunday-School World says, "consists of 760 leaves of thin vellum, of which 142 belong to the New Testament. It has three columns on a page (except in the poetical books of the Old Testament, where it has two columns), and forty-two lines to each column, with no spaces between the words except at the end of a sentence or paragraph. Each line has from sixteen to eighteen letters. The MS. indicates that when the copyist began a book his plan was to proceed continuously to the end without a break. At the end of each book he usually broke off from the column he was writing, and began the next book upon the next column. The Vatican MS. omits the last twelve verses of Mark's gospel, and there the copyist leaves a part of a column and the whole of the next column blank, and begins Luke's gospel upon the second next to where he left off copying Mark's gospel. This use of the gap in the MS. is held to imply that the copyist was conscious of an omission of matter belonging to Mark. The ornament and the 'kata markon' according to Mark, at the end of the last column, are not by the original copyist, but were probably added by a later hand. This makes the unusual blank space more significant, and gives a stronger indication that the original scribe was conscious that he had not reached the end of the book. . . . The Vatican volume is bound in red morocco, is 10 1/2 inches long, 10 wide and 4 1/2 inches thick. The original MS. breaks off in the middle of a word, *katha* (Hebrews ix, 14); the rest of the Epistle of the Hebrews, and the pastoral Epistles and Revelation being added by a comparatively recent hand. In his recent 'Commentary on St. Mark,' Mr. Rice remarks that this MS. 'has never been accessible to scholars generally'; while The New York Independent, in a notice of the 'Commentary,' holds that the MS. has not been as inaccessible as that language would imply, and adds, 'not only have they (scholars) been permitted to consult it, but now we have the magnificent reproduction of Cardinal Mai.' The history of the future attempt to collate the Vatican MS., if written, would prove, as Scrivener truly says, 'a very unprofitable history.' Birch's imperfect collation of the MS. was made about 1780. 'Certain it is,' says Scrivener, 'that since Birch's day no one not in the confidence of the Papal Court has had access to this document.' In 1843 Professor Tischendorf, after months of waiting, was allowed to see the MS. for six hours. In 1844 Muralt was permitted to look at it for nine hours. In 1845 Tregelles, armed with strong letters from Cardinal Wiseman, went to Rome for the special purpose of examining it. They would not allow him to look at it without first searching his pockets to deprive him of pen, ink and paper; if he looked too long at a passage, the book was snatched from his hand. In 1866 Tischendorf boldly asked Pope Pius IX. for permission to edit it as he had the Codex Sinaiticus. This was denied, but he was allowed to consult it on points presenting special differences. He attempted to copy some pages, when after eight days, the MS. was abruptly taken from him; but Verellone, of the Papal Court, procured permission for him to examine it for six more days, the Italian being present all the time watching his examination. From this examination Tischendorf was enabled to put forth his quarto edition of the MS. in 1867. In regard to 'Cardinal Mai's magnificent reproduction,' it appeared some years after Mai's death (in 1845), and of its merit Scrivener, one of the foremost textual critics, says: 'The plan of the work exhibits all the faults such a performance well can have; nor is the execution at all less objectionable.' Tischendorf's criticism of it is scarcely less severe. Professor E. C. Mitchell (and presumably Professor Abbott, as he carefully revised this part of Professor Mitchell's work) pronounces it unsatisfactory. Another and later reproduction, by Verellone and Cosca, was begun in 1868; but Verellone died in 1869, leaving the completion to other hands. Five volumes have been issued, the sixth, the most important in many respects, and which is to contain the notes on the alterations made by various scribes, is soon to appear. This edition was also severely criticised by Tischendorf. Scrivener credits its general accuracy in contrast with that of Cardinal Mai, which he unqualifiedly pronounced untrustworthy; but in Verellone and Cosca's edition later readings are claimed to be mixed with the original text, with no distinguishing marks, impairing the accuracy of the work. These facts lead to the inference that critical scholars still need to examine the MS. itself on points of doubtful or disputed readings, to insure accuracy. Writing for Protestant readers and of Protestant scholars, in view of these facts, it would seem that Mr. Rice understated rather than overestimated the inaccessibility of the Vatican MS. to critical scholars."

Horseradish is a profitable crop to grow as it finds sale at from five to six cents per pound unprepared. It is bought readily by manufacturers of the prepared article.

Nearly all kinds of fruit do well on a mixture of superphosphate and wood ashes. Lime is suitable for strawberries, but excellent around apple, peach and pear trees.

Every farmer should select a portion of rich soil, clear from weeds, which should be devoted to roots, such as beets, turnips, rutabagas or carrots for feeding cattle and hogs. They are good starters for fall feeding.

Our farmers can raise one hundred loads of pumpkin with very little trouble. Put the seeds into the corn planter with corn and there is no trouble to get crop enough to feed all the cattle on the farm during the fall months. Try it.

John A. Phelps, of Connecticut, incultivates his boys a love of country life and the paternal acres, by renting them plots of ground for potatoes and other crops, selling them manure and taking part

